

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 39.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

HOW TO ERADICATE SORREL.

LEGORE'S Combination of Lime.

is the material to use. There is nothing equal to it for grass, corn or wheat as it is by far more economical and endurable. This combination of lime is taking the lead wherever it has been tried. It contains more soluble lime which is shown by the five different analyses that have been made this last Spring by H. J. Patterson, State Chemist of Md. All of these prove this lime to be beyond a doubt far superior to other limes.

Special attention is called to the high agricultural value of this lime for the improvement of the soil. As the following analyses show the average of soluble lime to be extremely high there is no waste or impurities, no mineral poisons or Magnesia to injure the soil. It is positively the lime for the farmer to use. Make tests and experiments on grass or corn and I will soon convince you of the superior merits of this lime. If you want grass, wheat or corn use "LEGORE'S COMBINATION OF LIME." Send for prices, testimonials, terms etc., to J. W. Legore, Woodsboro, Md., or the following dealers can give any information desired in reference to prices, terms, etc. Call to see them or address,

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J. T. Gough, Bear, Del.
Davis & Price, Middletown, Del.
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Below are five different analyses of Legore's Combination of Lime:

	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.
Lime (CaO) Ave. Sol. Lime.....	97.61	96.00	97.00	96.80
Magnesia (MgO).....	.43	1.08	.43	.72
Oxide of Iron and Alumina.....	1.07	1.20	1.60	1.80
Silica.....	.89	1.63	.41	.68
Undetermined.....		.09	.56	

	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00
Calcium [Lime] Carbonate.....	98.39	per cent.		
Magnesium Carbonate.....	.51	"		
Iron and Alumina oxide.....	.60	"		
Silica.....	.50	"		
	100.00			

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WOODSBORO,

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THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT

together one year for \$1.75. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

The "World" will be sent for 3 months and the "TRANSCRIPT" to Jan. 1st next, for 50 cents. Think of it!

60 Papers for 50 cents.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills, the big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which bear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

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and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"As Good Job Work

AS WAS EVER DONE IN MIDDLETOWN I AM GETTING AT THE

TRANSCRIPT OFFICE."

was the unexpected, unsolicited but much appreciated testimonial of a patron this week.

An idea struck us—Were you ever hit with an idea? It is that you should know this fact. We guarantee the price as well as the quality. Are you not paying too much for your work? Give the TRANSCRIPT an opportunity to estimate on your work.

Don't Be a Clam.

A Basket of Peaches,

of Delaware's luscious growth, is a present that any friend appreciates when they are in season. And just as acceptable would a copy of the TRANSCRIPT prove to the friends who once lived in or around Middletown. Send us the names of all your friends who have moved away, with their present address, and we will send sample copies free. We have a copy

For Every Delawarean whose name is sent to us. Write them on a postal card or make out a long list—it is not impossible to get it too long—and a sample copy will be sent every individual. It will awake pleasant recollection of ye olden time and your friends will enjoy it. This request is to every person, whether subscribers or not.

Who Reads the Transcript

WHO CAN FIND IT?

There is a verse in the Bible which contains every letter in the alphabet except J, and it is said there is only one such. Who can find it? That would be a novel occupation to search it out, but think of the other rewards that must follow such an effort—gems of thought and truth to brighten and gladden life's pathway. If you try and cannot find the verse, you will be informed by making a call upon

George G. Rowe

WEST MAIN & SCOTT STREET, Middletown, Delaware, where you will be surprised to find so many things to make home attractive. Wall Papers of the latest and most improved patterns, and an experience of 17 years in this community is a guarantee that all work of that kind is done satisfactorily.

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in the latest design frames worthy of any home and at such low prices. Picture frames made to order. Cannot help pleasing you. An elegant organ at the lowest price possible. Window shades and fixtures of any color and style, and will put them up. If not convenient to call drop a postal card.

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Middletown - Delaware.

The Opera

.... Singer



OMEONE gives the following interesting story of a young opera singer. Five or six years ago she was singing in an obscure New-England church. Nature had endowed her with a strong physique, a heavy voice, rich in some of its notes, but not especially sweet, and the energy which alone makes success possible to the moderately gifted.

She decided to come abroad and study. The scheme seemed a crazy one for a young girl so poor and alone; but, with a sublime faith in her own power to bend circumstances to her will, she made her plans. Determination overcomes many obstacles. She sailed from America with a very light purse, coming direct to Germany. She didn't understand a word of the language, and one of the first things she did was to engage a teacher and also a "German exchange"—that is, some one to speak German to her in exchange for English conversation.

Then began years of hard work, embittered at times by poverty of the most abject kind. Often her best gown would be out at elbows, the shoes upon her feet merely rags. Discouragement must have often overshadowed her, but she kept steadily to her purpose, and that was to make the most of her voice.

"Often while we were lying in bed asleep B. would be up studying German, or preparing her lessons. Yes, before daylight many a morning she'd have a candle burning, while she mastered some German poem or song," said a girl-friend who knew her intimately.

Opera had not seemed within the possibilities when she first came over. She had only hoped to make an oratorio and concert singer, but as her voice developed and gained in her power and richness she was encouraged to go on the stage.

"It is the place for you," said her teacher. "You would be very silly not to do so."

It was the same teacher who has, by the way, trained many famous singers, that said to her on her first application: "Take that thing from your neck and never put it on again."

"Why not?" inquired Miss B., in some astonishment, as she unwound the simple little fur collar from her throat.

"Because it is very bad for you. It is foolish for any one to muffle up the throat in fur. It only makes them more susceptible to cold, and it is certainly very unsafe for singer, very."

One may easily tell of the outward events of an apprenticeship to toil and poverty, but who can go below the surface and even faintly express the effect upon the struggler. It is to this girl's credit that she did not become embittered or lose her childlike hopefulness and faith in ultimate success. It was wonderfully interesting to see the development of the artist. The traditions of a stern New England ancestry held her fast when she first came to Europe, and it was a good thing for her, else the new life might have been too intoxicating, might have swept her away from her true balance.

It was hard upon that New England conscience of hers. It yielded very reluctantly to the demands of art. The German observance of Sunday is very different from the English or American. Here they go to church in the morning and then give up the remainder of the day to holiday making or to work. It is usual to see a thrifty frau sitting in a concert garden with her knitting or crocheting, and I don't know but they take it to the opera with them on Sunday evening. Sunday work and pleasure had to be realized and accepted by the New-England girl, and from being an observer she finally became a participator. It was inevitable. An opera singer must play her part on Sunday night as well as Monday night if her contract calls for it. During her student days she often had opportunity to sing in concert, and necessity made it easy.

It was in the midst of her student life that all her money gave out. She hadn't even enough to keep herself in food and necessary clothes. "I remember she came and told me one night she hadn't anything for her breakfast next morning, and no money to buy even bread," said a friend. "I had spent all my money also, and was waiting for remittance from America. It was late but I slipped down to the dining room. Everything had been put away and locked up, except some butter. I took that, and she laughed in great glee when she saw my spoils. She could always see the humorous side to a situation; no matter how desperate her straits might be. That keen sense of the ridiculous saved her from many a heartache."

It was almost as a last venture that she wrote to an American millionaire, stating her case and asking him to loan her the money to complete her education. What a glorious day it was for her when his answer came, containing a check for \$10,000. With the reckless extravagance and joy of a child, she fired a cartridge to her best friends to tell the news.

American millionaires do a great deal of good the world does not know, and of which they are themselves unaware sometimes.

The New-England girl has repaid that money and is now singing in grand opera in one of the most brilliant capitals of Europe, has been engaged to sing at Bayreuth during the summer holidays, gives concerts when she has leisure, and will test the appreciation of American audiences before very long. To outsiders her success seems sheer luck; but to those who know the inner history of her life it is the result of unflagging toil and of a will force that would not be overcome.

A Level-Headed Wife. There is a man on Capitol Hill who has a wife of the best type, but, like a good many husbands with that kind of wives, he doesn't always appreciate her at her true value, says the Washington Star. However, when he does appreciate her he appreciates her almost enough to make up for lost time.

Well, this husband had been insulted; outrageously insulted, as he thought, being a sensitive man of fiery temper, and he was burning with a spirit of revenge.

He had thought of resorting to violent measures in defense of his sacred honor, but a second sober thought came to him of his dependent wife and children, and for their sakes he had stayed the avenging hand.

Again, he had thought of appealing to the law, but that seemed almost cowardly to his high-born spirit, and he set it aside as quite impossible.

All day the insult rankled in his bosom, and when the shades of evening had come and he wended his way homeward on an average car, he was in a condition of the most irremediable indignation.

He had some kind of vague idea that a night of sleep might heal the wound of the insult, but that failing, he knew that blood alone could make atonement.

As he neared home, thinking every second of what he would, could or must do, he happened to think of his wife and it dawned upon him like a sunburst that she was a woman of spirit and judgment and that she might be able to help him in his sore difficulty and suggest a soothing balm to his hurt honor.

With this new thought urging him on he hastened into her presence as soon as he had hopped off the car and kissed her.

He did this, thinking that possibly by this time to-morrow evening he would be beyond the power of occupation.

Naturally this unusual demonstration surprised the good woman.

They had been married fifteen years. "Why, Henry," she exclaimed, "what is the matter with you? You seem strangely excited."

It was a minute before he could control his voice sufficiently to use it for talking purposes.

"I am," he fairly snorted. "I have been insulted."

"How? Who did it?" And the wife's spirit rose.

"By a scoundrel who came into my office this morning. I have nursed my wrath all day and now come to you for advice. What would you do if a man were to tell you to go to the devil?"

As he strode about the room he kicked over a table, two chairs and the cat.

"Why, Henry," she replied, after the impulsive manner of women and with the utmost sincerity, "I wouldn't go."

Then he sat down and concluded that a good wife's advice was an anchor to windward in a husband's most tempestuous moments.

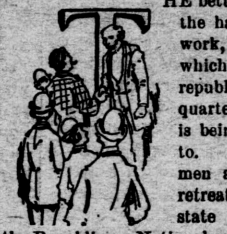
How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best

Washington

.... Letter



HE better the news the harder we'll work, is the motto which governs republican headquarters, and it is being lived up to. The silversmen are on the retreat in every state in which the Republican National and Congressional committees have made a real fight for McKinley and honest money, but as yet the retreat is orderly. By redoubling their efforts, the republican managers believe they can make it a complete rout on the 3d of November—so complete that the free coinage of silver by this country alone will never again be made a National issue; and nothing less will satisfy them. They are working with all the vim and energy they could put into the campaign if the chances for republican victory were doubtful instead of the victory being assured as it is. This pleases all the visiting republicans, as it enables them to go home and tell their friends that there is no danger from overconfidence on the part of the men who are managing the campaign.

Chairman Babcock, of the Congressional committee, is now giving special attention to the Congressional districts, and by the middle of October he will know about what the size of the republican majority in the next House will be. Two years ago when Mr. Babcock, gave out his figures, they were hooted at by the democrats and many republicans were disposed to smile at them, but when the returns came in, it was seen that they were based upon direct information from every Congressional district. Mr. Babcock is proud, as he has every right to be, of his record as Chairman of the Congressional committee. He doesn't believe in the wisdom of making big claims based on nothing but hope, as the popocrats are now doing. He thinks it possible always to obtain information as to how at least 90 per cent of the districts will go several weeks in advance of the election, and he wants the public to take his figures as careful estimates and not as a mere bluff for effect.

The using of the official organ of the Knights of Labor as a campaign document, by the Bryanite managers, has been quickly followed by ugly charges against prominent officials of the K. of L. These charges are made by responsible parties and allege that drafts have been drawn on Mr. J. L. Norris, Assistant Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, in favor of Master Workman Sovereign and Gen. Secretary-Treasurer Hayes, who are in immediate charge of the Journal of the K. of L., published at Washington, and that similar drafts have been drawn in favor of officials of the K. of L. at Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Paul and paid through a Washington Bank. The stir created by these charges is by no means confined to the members of the K. of L. who do not approve of the selling of the influence of the organization to Bryan, but extends to all who are opposed to bribery as a political agent, and may result in a rumormongering of large dimensions in the K. of L.

About the most notable thing connected with the appearance of Mr. Bryan in Washington, Saturday night and his speech upon that occasion, was his gall in making the farewell address of George Washington the basis of his speech which endorsed the Chicago platform. "Even the heavens weep," said a gentleman present when the rain storm put a sudden stop to Bryan's speech, Washington said: "In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views." Designing Mr. Bryan is seeking the Presidency through arming against section. Again, Washington said: "As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit." Mr. Bryan's principal business is the advocacy of a depreciated currency, which will injure both private and public credit.

There have been some more or less amusing stories in connection with Mr. Bryan's coming to Washington to make a speech. In the first place, there was no end of trouble in getting a place for him to speak; there were more trouble about the distribution of tickets for seats and about music—the local committee seemed to fear that some unauthorized band might get in to the baseball park, in which the speaking took place, and which, by the way, was paid for by two saloon keepers whose places are opposite the main entrance, and play some piece of music that would give Mr. Bryan the same dizziness right before the crowd. There was a crowd, just as there would have been at any other free show, and the proprietors of the bar rooms who paid for the park made a good speculation, even if the crowd was out up to expectations in size.

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

Sunlight Soap

COMPARE RESULTS. YOU KNOW THE OLD WAY—TRY THE NEW WAY THE SUNLIGHT WAY. WILL DO THE WORK IN HALF THE TIME, DO IT BETTER AND SAVE THE CLOTHES. IT MAKES LACES AS GOOD AS NEW AND DOES NOT SHRINK FLANNELS. Makes home brighter. Makes hearts lighter. Laver Street, 124, Hudson & Harrison Sts., New York.

LITTLE BOBBIE STAYED.

Nearly every railroad company in the country has a rule as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians that no dogs shall be allowed to ride in the passenger coaches. It makes no difference whether a dog is a Saint Bernard or a Skye terrier, whether he has won a hundred blue ribbons or whether he is only a mongrel whose ancestry is shrouded in darkness, he can't ride in passenger coaches.

But there is somewhere in this wide world a little black and tan terrier, with a nose like a needle and a pair of sparkling black eyes, who rode all the way from Albany to New York in a passenger car the other day in spite of the united effort of a conductor and three brakemen to get him into the baggage car, where no doubt he would have been well treated and perfectly happy.

The dog boarded the train in the arms of one of two women who took a seat in the second coach. The fair passengers—for they were fair—deposited the animal between them without the least attempt at concealment and as if they had not the slightest idea that dogs in passenger coaches were contraband goods. Probably they had never heard of the iron-clad rule that discriminates against dogs and favors cats.

A brakeman was the first to discover the fact that one of the "trigations" has sustained a compound fracture. He stopped in the aisle and surveyed the woman in amazement. As soon as he had recovered his breath he said: "Excuse me, madam, but it's against the rules to a low dogs in the passenger cars."

The woman who sat next the aisle looked up from her magazine with a glance of pained surprise. "Are you sure?" she said. "I never heard of it."

"Yes'm," said the brakeman, politely. "I'm sure."

"I don't believe it," said the other woman indignantly. "I never even heard of it."

"Well, it's a fact," said the brakeman. "So if you'll just give him to me I'll put him in the baggage car."

The owner of the dog shrank back in horror. "Oh," she gasped, "I couldn't think of it; really I couldn't. I seldom let Bobbie go out of my sight."

"But, madam, you'll have to let him go out of it this time," insisted the brakeman.

"Oh, but I can't. Besides, it won't make any difference just this once. The company never will know the difference." And she swept the dog up off the seat and folded him in her arms declaring that Bobbie should never, no never, go into the horrid baggage car.

The brakeman was nonplussed. He had never seen anything like this before—not since he first began to brake. He brushed his hand confusedly over his face, and with a grunt of embarrassment turned on his heel to find the conductor, feeling thankful in his heart for the first time that he was not that official.

The conductor soon appeared. He was a magnificent conductor. The buttons on his uniform shone resplendently and he marched down the aisle with such a lordly stride that it seemed a pity that there was no band aboard the train to play. "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." There is a proverb about what goes before a fall. The conductor had it.

He stopped short beside the two women and the dog.

"Madam," he said sharply, "you'll have to put the dog in the baggage car. No dogs allowed in the passenger coaches." And he reached out his arms for the terrier, which promptly bit him.

The conductor lost his dignity and said "damn." The woman stifled a chuckle and went through a pretense of slapping the dog. It was a hollow mockery.

"Come," said the conductor savagely and with some excuse. "Let me have the beast."

"If you please," replied the owner of the dog with spirit, "he is not a beast."

"I don't care what he is!" shouted the irate official. "He's got to go into the baggage car if he's an angel." And again he reached for the terrier.

But the terrier was safe in the arms of his mistress, who remarked with a sob in her voice. "Oh, please, please don't. I can't let him go in that awful place. Little Bobbie would die, I know he would! Please let him stay!"

The other woman did not cry. She was made of sterner stuff. She waxed indignant, and her eyes shot

glances of indignation at the unfortunate conductor, who stood the picture of mingled embarrassment and disgust, nursing his bitten hand.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself," she ejaculated with emphasis. "No gentleman would treat a lady so. I shall report you the company."

"Besides," put in the owner of the dog, "Bobbie's such a little fellow."

"The rules don't say anything about the size of the dogs," said the conductor. "They just say 'dogs.'"

"Well, he isn't going, anyway, for all your old rules," was the plaintiff response.

Now, this conductor was merely trying to do his duty as an official of the company. He had done his best and even suffered bodily injury in his attempt to enforce the rule of the road. But failure stared him in the face. Every passenger in the car was watching the unequal contest with undisguised interest and amusement. Two drummers had made audible bets upon the outcome and their eyes were riveted upon the combatants. Even the brakeman who had first met with defeat stood at the other end of the car and grinned at his superior.

The conductor was beaten and he knew it. If the offenders had been men the problem would have been an easy one, but as it was, violence was out of the question. He was beaten, but he retreated in good order. "Well, madam," he said sourly, "I have notified you of the rules."

"You have," said the indignant woman shortly.

"Poor little Bobbie, they shouldn't put him in the baggage car, so they shouldn't," said the other. And she hugged Bobbie to her breast.

The conductor fled with sotted voice remarks about the cussedness of woman-kind, while Bobbie rode to New York in the arms of his mistress. The other passengers were good natured the rest of the trip.

For Over Fifty Years.

An Old and well tried remedy—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers or their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cent a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and get no other kind.

CYCLING NOTES.

Somewhat suggests that the critical wheelman turn his attention for a while from woman's bicycle costume to his own get-up. Let him, is the advice, talk less about bloomers and divided skirts and look to his own dress. It is very often a fright.

"How do you manage it?" queried the short-skirted girl in tan leggings, to her cycling chum.

"Here you're just returned from an all day ride and your skin looks as fresh and clean as if you'd come right out of your bath. What's your secret?"

"Chamois leather," was the reply, as the speaker drew from beneath her belt a tiny strip of the stuff.

"When I feel as if dust and perspiration were making a guy of me I polish off my countenance with this bit of chamois and I'm certain of rejuvenating effects."

A good hint to the damsel who wants to look in trim while wheeling with the brethren.

It is a temptation to be sure to indulge in an all-over tubbing after a hot and dusty ride. Sponge bath and friction, however, should be the only methods employed; the body being too fatigued to stand the exhaustion of a full plunge.

"What is the greatest and most curious organ in the world?"

"The organ of speech of William Jennings Bryan; it is an organ without stops."

Customer—Here, don't you guarantee a perfect fit of everything that goes from your place?

Tailor—Certainly. Is there anything you wish altered?

Customer—Yes. Cut down this bill—it's too large for my pocketbook.

Flossy—Can you remember whether Tom's engagement ring had five diamonds?

Cissy—No. Why?

Flossy—Because I've just lost a ring in the water, and I don't know whether it was Jack's or his.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Local News.

Every body uses Bragdon's Poultry Remedy, it cures, 25 cents.

The first love and first shave are two things that only happen once in a man's lifetime.

Always in season, Hopkins' Steamed Hominy (Hulled Corn). Elegant lunch in Milk. Quat. 10c.

Remember that J. F. McWhorter has a full line of carriage and agricultural implements on hand.

Its folly, to lose your poultry when the use of Bragdon's Poultry Remedy is guaranteed to you for 25 cents.

J. C. Parker has received a lot of genuine 1/2 Bicycles that can be bought for \$40 cash, usual guarantee. Come and see them.

George W. Ingram has sold for Samuel McCauley the "Adams farm," near McDonough to Road-Commissioner Vossell for \$4,000.

Pay your taxes and get registered or you cannot vote. Get registered to-day as next Saturday other duties may call you away from home.

Mr. E. F. Bishop, who lives on the "Sellers" farm just north of town, lost a valuable horse by lightning in the severe electrical storm of Saturday night.

Fall opening—opening of the chestnut burr—(Is it a chestnut?) Chinquapins too are ripe, and the young folks are not waiting for Jack Frost to find the way to the forest.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.—Dr. W. E. Barnard Surgeon Dentist, office same location, opposite the post office. All operations pertaining to dentistry guaranteed. Odontometer and Gas for painless extracting.

They say "to get on in the world" go to "Goulden," the famous Wilmington (Del.) Commercial and Shorthand College. A position and business success for both sexes quickly assured by its short courses.

A real, neat, first class restaurant where a good meal can be gotten at short notice, together with the service of oysters, etc., is the aim of Mr. Stanger in opening up room No. 2 in the Cochran Block, next door to the Reynolds store.

The question was asked relative to a certain party man, if he is not a pretty solid politician. The answer was "in spots." He has a cast-iron gall to begin with and I understand that the party has given him the marble heart.

Four Washable Optical Pictures for 50 cents by J. H. Powell, the photographer, at his tent on the Comings lot corner West Main and Scott streets. Mr. Powell was here three years ago and guarantees satisfaction. Four pictures for 35 cents.

Mr. G. E. Hukill had a painful mishap on Friday evening of last week, in that his horse getting beyond control just as he was about to enter his carriage. He and his arm and the injured members, which happily are about well again.

John Drayton Wainwright, son of Col. John Wainwright, of Wilmington, has successfully passed the necessary examinations and entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., as a naval cadet. He was appointed by Hon. J. S. Willis.

In speaking of the use of profane language, it never did any man any good. No man is richer, happier or wiser for it. It commands no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good. People of culture and refinement never swear.

The past week brought quite a change in the weather. Last Saturday the thermometer was in the nineties; a severe electrical storm in the evening brought a change of forty degrees by Sunday morning. The temperature has been as low as 44 degrees this week.

A California tramp, in his prowling, found \$20,000 that had been hidden in a stump of bushes by train robbers. Instead of reporting the treasure to the authorities, he started in to spend it, and he had to surrender it and his liberty. Meanwhile the train robbers are at large and the legitimate owners of the property cannot be found. Fate is nothing if not ironical.

It was in the quiet, still night, that it would have been still and quiet but for the barking of the dogs on the plaza. They had a regular early morning assembly and refused to be dispersed. Sleep was out of the question. Something must be taken. The window is raised, aim is taken, bang! goes the gun. It is effective, that is one of the large window lights in Reynolds's corner store yields to the flattened bill and the man with the gun pays the bill.

A charming young girl who has recently returned from her summer outing was heard to give expression to her feelings as follows: "I really don't pay to go anywhere nowadays, she said, 'the only companions these young married women leave for the girls are their husbands. Now, I like a nice man, whether he is married or not, but I don't like to have the attention of any other kind, and the married women insist on appropriating all the young men, so I think the only thing for us to do is to retire from the field!'"

The Ladies' Mite Society entertained the members and mothers-in-law, at a Social Wednesday evening at "Flowerdale," the spacious home of Mr. Henry Talbot, on North Broad street. There were a great many present and all spent a pleasant evening. "Jacob and Ruth" and "Old Miss McGinty" furnished merriment by the whistling; Miss Kate Vansant responded to the request for a recitation and gracefully rendered "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," and refreshments, music and more games filled the evening's program.

Revs. F. H. Moore and I. L. Wood and Mr. A. G. Cox represented Middletown at the organization of the Non-Partisan Constitutional Prohibition Alliance of Delaware at Dover on Thursday. Rev. Merritt Hulbard was made President and Mr. A. G. Cox, Secretary. The object is a clause in the new Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the State. The candidates of the different parties will be called upon by circular letters to state their views on the question, answer to be made before Oct. 5th when another mass meeting will be held to promote the cause.

There is a cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth, commonly called "scalding." "Take of good nature" one ounce of a herb called by the Indians "mild non-business," one ounce, mix these with a little "charity" for others, and two or three drops of "keep your tongue between your teeth." Application: The symptoms are a violent itching of the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place while you are in company of a species of animals called "gossips" when you feel a bit of it coming on, take a spoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

—Mr. L. Darrington has been appointed U. S. weather observer at this station to succeed Mr. Geo. Earnest who had to resign the office because of her change of residence to Philadelphia.

Rev. Alfred Smith, D. D. Presiding Elder of this district, will preach in the M. E. church tomorrow morning. There will be a love feast in the lecture room at 9:15. Quarterly Conference Monday morning.

—Now is the time to begin work on the Christmas presents! Mrs. Fannie Lockwood has ordered a large assortment of stamped linen in all sizes and shapes; also picture frames and embroidery silks, from which gifts can be made to suit the taste and choice. Her autumn opening of Millinery will be the latter part of next week, when all the new styles in millinery will be exhibited.

—Miss Eichenhofer led the trade this season, having their autumn opening next Wednesday and Thursday. Trimmed hats and bonnets in felt, velvet and chenille and everything new and pretty will be found in their collection. The bonnets especially promise unusual beauty. Visitors from town and country are invited to their opening.

—The annual Convention of the New Castle County Sunday School Association will meet in the M. E. Church of this town, in the early part of November. The Convention consists of Sunday School workers of the various denominations in the county. There will be 100 delegates in attendance, the session lasting one day only. Prof. Sweeney will as usual make the music a feature of the exercises, which will consist of addresses and discussions on Sunday School work. The Forest Presbyterian Sunday School will co-operate with the M. E. School to furnish entertainment.

PERSONALITIES

Little Lines About Men and Women and What They Are Doing.

(If you have been away on a visit, or have visitors at your home send us the news, and we will be glad to publish it. We are always pleased to publish any items of personal or local interest and cordially invite our patrons to furnish us the facts.)

—Mr. Walter Beaton, of Wilmington, spent Sunday in town.

—Mr. Robert Jones, of Philadelphia visited relatives in town this week.

—Mrs. J. B. Cazier and son have returned home from Beach Haven.

—Mrs. Lillie Hearne, of Wilmington, is a guest at Cashier, J. S. Crouch's.

—Mrs. Hyson, of Smyrna, is the guest of Mrs. James Orrell, at the East End.

—Mr. D. C. Collins, of Wilmington, was a guest at Mr. L. C. Scott's on Tuesday.

—Mr. Andrew Jones, of Wilmington, spent Sunday at Mrs. Margaret Clayton's.

—Mr. Howard Dixon returned on Monday from a week's visit to friends in Salem N. J.

—Mr. D. P. Barnard, Jr., of Wilmington was a Sunday visitor at Mr. Edward Reynolds.

—Squire Ferguson has been ill for the past week at his sister's, Mrs. C. B. Satterfield.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barnett are visiting her brother, Mr. H. C. Jones, in Bridgeville.

—Miss Adda Pond has returned from a visit with her friend, Miss Duncan of Marshallton.

—Miss Annie and Irene McWhorter, of Wilmington, were guests of Mrs. Chas. Ferris over Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Lockwood, of Chesertville, Md. visited old friends in and near town this week.

—Mrs. Frederick Schreitz, of Wilmington, visited her brother-in-law, Mr. Leslie Schreitz this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. John McWhorter, of Norfolk, Va., visiting their nephew, Mr. J. F. McWhorter.

—Mrs. A. M. McKee, Mrs. Fannie Lockwood and Miss Lillie Scott spent several days this week in Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Jno. A. Reynolds is entertaining her nieces, Miss Sarah and Anne Collins, of Laurel Springs, N. J.

—Mr. Fredus P. VanHale, Sr., of Delaware City, formerly of this neighborhood, was in town on Thursday.

—Mr. J. M. Naudain, of Baltimore, is spending the week with his family at his father-in-law's, Mr. W. H. Houston.

—Miss Eichenhofer was in Philadelphia this week attending the autumn opening of all the large milliners in the city.

—Mr. Joshua Clayton and family moved to town from the "Manor," this week and are occupying their home on Green street.

—Miss Beanie Morton will return to Philadelphia to-day, to resume her duties as a student nurse at the Orthopedic Hospital.

—Mrs. T. E. Ford, Mrs. Isabella Cault and Mrs. R. J. Townsend, of Sassafras, spent Thursday at Mrs. Elizabeth Shephard's in town.

—Miss Eliza Cochran will spend several weeks at her father's, Mr. Wm. R. Cochran before returning to Elwin after her summer travels abroad.

—Mrs. N. J. Williams spent several days this week in Smyrna with her mother-in-law, Mrs. James Williams, who has been ill for several weeks.

—Mr. Geo. Satterfield and son Lawrence, of Jacksonville, Fla. are visiting their Delaware friends and were guests of her grandmother Mrs. Catherine Merritt this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Vansant and daughter, Mrs. W. T. Jones, of Millington, and their mother, Mrs. M. A. Jones, of Wilmington, spent the day Wednesday at Mr. N. Burris's.

—Mrs. Annie E. Benson and Mrs. Charles L. Moore, of Georgetown, have been guests this week of Mrs. W. A. Comings. Mr. Moore advanced on Thursday, taking advantage of the delightful weather to see something of the fine farming country in this community.

Entertainment.
An evening of entertainment will be given at Y. M. C. A. Rooms on Tuesday evening, September 26th, to which the charge of admission will be a dime. Mr. J. A. Suydam is in charge of the arrangements. There will be music and a charade and a humorous sketch. The following is the cast in the latter:

Mrs. Jones Jones..... Mrs. W. E. Barnard
Mrs. Lamont..... Miss Helen Price
Dr. Dinmore..... Edward Vaughan
Uncle Oredue..... John C. Kelley
Mrs. Jones Jones..... J. A. Suydam
CHARADES "REPRESENTATION."
Mrs. Fred. Stanley..... Mrs. T. A. Bordley
Miss Carrie Butler..... Mrs. T. A. Bordley
Fred. Stanley..... Mr. T. A. Bordley
Chas. Holbrook..... Dr. C. A. Richie

Unclaimed Letters.
List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Middletown post office which can be had by saying they are advertised: Mrs. C. W. McNamee, Miss Nettie Wallace, Loretta Henry, Jos. Frederick, Sadie Freeland, Susan Carter.

THOMAS CLAYTON.

AGED 62 YEARS.

Thomas Clayton, oldest son of the late Col. Joshua Clayton, died at his home in Pleasant, Sunday night after a long illness, having been confined to his bed several weeks. For a year previous to his death he was steadily failing, having a complication of kidney and other maladies. He was 62 years old and was a well known and highly esteemed resident of this community, where he spent his whole life. He was born at "Choptank-on-the-Hill," the Col. Clayton homestead, and upon attaining his majority began farming for himself on the farm opposite the old home, and a few years later his two brothers, Henry and Richard occupied adjoining farms, so that the father, and three sons lived within sight of each other. Thus happily surrounded, Mr. Clayton enjoyed many years, in peaceful, pastoral pursuits when farming was a gainful occupation.

His daughter, Miss Emma Turner, whose death 19 years ago made desolate his home and robbed his young children of a mother's love and care. He never married again and lived wholly for his children. In all business relations he was the soul of honor and integrity, his word being relied upon as a sacred bond. He was a man of varied and extensive information and a very entertaining and instructive social companion. Having had excellent educational advantages at local schools and at Delaware College he was familiar with letters and kept well up with the times in matters of scientific research. He had his father's type of mind, vigorous and versatile, and was also very like him in person. Though deeply interested in the affairs of state, land and having strong political convictions, he never held any public office, and never sought any place of preferment.

Seven years ago, he retired from farming and moved to Mr. Pleasant where he passed his remaining years. All through life Mr. Clayton was a close Bible student and in his last days found consolation in the gospel of Christ, receiving the sacrament of baptism at the hands of Rev. W. J. Wilkie, rector of St. Anne's, a few days before his death.

He leaves four children: Thos. Edgar, Jno. M., Joshua and Beulah, the latter the wife of Mr. James Burnham. His funeral was on Tuesday, from his late residence, Rev. W. J. Wilkie and Rev. F. H. Moore officiating. The pall bearers were: J. P. Elison, H. C. Ellison, W. B. Briggs, Joseph Elison, M. N. Willis and M. P. Burris. Interment at Bethel.

There is but one of the three brothers surviving, Mr. Richard Clayton, of Middletown, in whose family there have been five deaths within the year, two brothers, a nephew, a brother-in-law and mother-in-law, and referring to the many bereavements he said he felt as a lone tree, stripped of all its branches. Two half-brothers and half sisters, children of Col. Clayton second marriage are living.

ALBERT R. PENNINGTON.

AGED 75 YEARS.

Albert R. Pennington died on Tuesday at his home in Philadelphia, aged 75 years. He was very well known in this community, having resided in Middletown for many years, and was at one time the leading business spirit here, and it was from him that Middletown received its first real business impulse. He was a noted inventor and inventor, and for years operated a large foundry and manufactory of all farming implements, and carried on an extensive real estate business. He built a number of houses in Middletown, one of which is the present home of Dr. T. H. Gilpin. The Pennington Reaper, which was his invention, was for years the leading reaper throughout this section, and in almost every harvest field in the State the little "Pennington" could be seen as the successor to the old "Hussey." He had the distinction of inventing and building the first self-binding reaper ever operated in this country. It was given a trial on a farm near town, but lacking several important attachments, it did not prove a success. His patent, however, is the same that is found in all the self-binding machines now in popular use.

His lot was that of many another genius, to begin enterprises from which others reap the benefit. He was a progressive man of large views, but lacked capacity to carry out his plans, and it was thus that business losses and reverses came to him. He was a man of gentle and amiable disposition, a delightful companion, a good friend and kind neighbor, and especially notable for his devotion to his family and home.

Shortly after the death of his wife which occurred about twelve years ago, he moved to Philadelphia and had a pleasant home with his daughter, and in a happy twilight old age he serenely passed on to the eternal home with a heart that was all kindness toward man and all gratitude toward God. His weary body was laid to rest beside his honored wife in old St. Anne's Cemetery yesterday afternoon, the funeral reaching town on the 3:40 train. He leaves one son, Ashbury, and five daughters, also one brother, Lewis.

Champion Shot of the World.
Miss Annie Oakley writes: "Myself and many of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Co., have given Allen's Foot-Powder the powder to shoot the most accurate shot in the world and it does all if not more than you claim." It instantly takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-Powder, is a certain cure for swollen, hot, aching or sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The Democratic County Committee has ordered a new election for Oct. 3 in certain Wilmington wards between Mr. Pyle and Mr. Stanton for State Senator because of the outrageous frauds at the primaries two weeks ago.

Mr. Robert B. Simpler, of Blackbird, was in town on Monday and called at the Transcript office. He says he is for an honorable political compromise and a Republican victory. Especially he desires to see the Fifth District united.

Get registered to-day. A registration of the electors is being held in the Transcript office to-day. There were but few registered last Saturday in Middletown, hence there should be more to-day. Do not wait until next Saturday when you may be sick. Today, take receipt.

The Regular Republicans of Sussex held their primaries to-day for a County Convention next Thursday. They will nominate a full ticket and cast 1500 to 2000 votes for it. The Kent Republicans will also nominate a full county ticket.

The Sound Money League of Delaware on Wednesday evening nominated a National Democratic ticket for Delaware. Hon. E. W. Tunnell was endorsed for governor and Thomas P. Bayard, Jr., was nominated for Congress. For President the electors for New Castle county, Levi A. Bertolotto; for Kent, Edward Ridgely; for Sussex, Charles C. Stockley.

"Not one Democrat in ten in St. Georges hundred will vote for George Gray as delegate to the Constitutional Convention unless he comes out in a letter endorsing Bryan, and you can say that in the Transcript," was the announcement of one of the most prominent Democrats in Middletown yesterday. To argue that Senator Gray is the kind of man needed to make a constitution is to pour oil on the fire. Hon. John Phillips' name is mentioned as the one that will be used to cut the Senator.

BRYAN IN DELAWARE.

Monday was a great day in the Diamond State. For the first time in its history, or since the days of Henry Clay some claim, a presidential candidate came within our borders seeking our three electoral votes.

William Jennings Bryan, the "boy orator of the Platte," the presidential candidate of three parties, entered Delaware on Monday morning on his way to Dover to speak at the fair ground on the political issues of the day. He left Baltimore under the escort of the Delaware committee, making his first stop in the Diamond State at Newark where a few citizens were out to greet him. The first large delegation along the line was at Middletown where several hundred citizens had gathered at the depot to see and to hear the man whose one speech at Chicago has given him so great prominence. The party came down on the regular south-bound mail, reaching here at 9:08 a. m. When the train stopped the people gathered around in the rear platform, and Mr. Bryan, who had been introduced as "the next president of the United States," "If the people vote for me" said Mr. Bryan. Three cheers were proposed for the candidate, being rendered in a manner that must have impressed him that many a Republican there were to see and listen respectfully but not to endorse. Three more cheers were proposed for Candidate Handy who had presented Mr. Bryan. The first effort was weak, on the second round but three or four voices responded, and the third was quite as a similar proposition could possibly be at a "decoy" Democratic meeting. The people began to call for a speech, and a bright Middletown boy who took in the situation and may himself be a candidate for the presidency some day, stepped out and gave a speech, Mr. Bryan will all cheer for you, Mr. Bryan excused himself from speaking, saying it was necessary to save his voice but since he could not give them a silver speech they could make one on the 3rd of November.

Many were the opinions upon Mr. Bryan's appearance; some thought him fine looking and others made a different criticism. In one point all were agreed—he looks much older than his age is given, 36 years. His campaign is evidently telling on him, and it is most trying and physically exhausting. Mr. Bryan is of the typical form, tall and muscular. His features are prominent and especially his mouth. Mr. Bryan was introduced to a number of our citizens and shook hands with all comers, giving them his left hand, the right being sore and swollen from the pump-handle process which all our prominent men are subjected to. Presidents. Similar receptions were held at Townsend, Clayton and other stations.

At Dover the crowd was very large and it was some time before a way could be made for the candidate and committee to the carriage. A parade was formed, headed by the Middletown and Dover bands, the line of march being to the Capitol Hotel. At the Fair grounds the crowd that gathered to hear the speaker has been estimated from 6 to 10 thousand. Possibly from 100 to 150 persons were on the grounds. Hon. John Nicholson, of the city and Mr. Bryan spoke for an hour. Very naturally Mr. Bryan was received with much enthusiasm. The sympathetic crowd, the honor of a visit from a presidential candidate, all swelled the high spirits of those in attendance. The speech was along the line of the many heretofore reported on the channel. He made a departure in commenting upon Major McKinley's declaration to a delegation at his home last week that for thirty years under Republican Protection this country had enjoyed the most marvelous prosperity ever given to any nation of the world, and then quoting from his Congressional reports in 1890 when he (McKinley) deplored the fact that "there was widespread depression in Agriculture" and "farmers were not getting fair compensation for their labor. That was and is all true, but four years ago Mr. Bryan said the tariff was the cause of the farmer's ills. He and his party have since changed the tariff with what results to the condition of the farmer Mr. Bryan did not refer. Mr. Bryan was much younger, and, and the people are in the midst of the results of that mistake. Is there any assurance that he is right now?

The party escorting Mr. Bryan left Dover at 3:45, making the regular stops of the train. Quite a number of the citizens of Middletown were at the depot to meet the boy orator. At New Castle he made an address. In the evening the audience in the Auditorium in Wilmington was limited only by the capacity of the building. The room could have been filled several times over. Party loyalty, interest and curiosity combined to draw the people. Candidate Handy presided but the people did not want a speech from him and he made the introduction short. Mr. Bryan was enthusiastically received. His speech will be remembered chiefly for its attack upon McKinley and certain of them. One reporter quotes him as speaking of McKinley as "a jolliter at ease in their luxurious homes while the walls of distress from their starving parishioners fall upon their ears in vain." Others deny this language and it is notable that the "New York Journal" which claims to make verbatim report of his speeches, contains no part of it. The "Evening Journal" gives the following as stenographic report of that part of his speech: "The conditions of life are becoming harder for the masses of the people. It is a war of princes of the gospel enjoying every luxury themselves who are indifferent to the cries of distress coming up from the masses of the people. It is a war of princes of the foreign land, when some one said to me: 'the people are crying for bread,' that he replied 'they don't they eat cake.' Tell some of these ministers of the gospel that men out of work are driven into crime, and they can't understand why everyone is not as well off as themselves. When I have seen preachers of the gospel using even more bitter words than politicians in the clamoring of the people, I have wondered where they got the religion that they preached. My friends, all common people were never aided in their struggle by those who were so far beyond them that they could not feel their needs and sympathize with their interests. They have had to lift themselves up, and if the common people don't come to the rescue of the government the work will become harder and harder, my friends, and every time you complain you will be met with abuse."

Church Re-opening.
Having been closed two months for repairs, the St. Georges M. E. Church was reopened last Sunday, and the pastor, Rev. J. O. Syphard, reports with satisfactory results. Dr. Tinner preached to a large audience in the morning, and the pastor and the oldest member of the church, Mr. J. H. Colder, he spoke at the afternoon service. The full amount of the repairs, freecoring, carpet etc., had been provided for, the ladies having materially assisted but the doctor being styled "a prince among beggars" took up a collection, getting a hundred and ten dollars to replenish the treasury.

Rev. Julius Dodd, of Newport, a former pastor, preached in the evening to the congregation of a large audience. His characteristic—clear, strong and forcible. The pastor wishes to express thanks to distant friends for the material encouragement given.

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Pilosophy.

Of making many pills there is no end. Every pill-maker says: "Try my pill," as if he were offering you bon-bons! The wise man finds a good pill and sticks to it. Also, the wise man who has once tried them never forsakes

..Ayer's Cathartic Pills..

FROM OVER THE SEA.

Some folks travel and travel, at home and abroad, enjoy all sorts of old world sights and new world wonders, but keep all their delightful experiences as closely guarded as the crown jewels of England, seeming entirely unconscious of the fact that others, less favored, would like to hear about the places and people visited, and so far as their friends, enjoyment is concerned, they might as well have stayed at home. Not so with Mrs. N. J. Williams, however, who with Miss Eliza Cochran, reached home Monday morning from a three months sojourn in foreign fields, buoyantly happy at being home again, and radiant with her many pleasant experiences, which she relates with such ready and charming fluency as to captivate the listener, who almost fancies himself among the ancient glories and beauties of the East, so vivid are her descriptions. From Antwerp, the ancient, where street cars are drawn by horses and women, Brussels the beautiful, where the Royal lace factories furnish one of the chief attractions, they went to Paris and Versailles, and enjoyed la belle France immensely. Mrs. Williams was not greatly pleased with the Parisian ladies and gentlemen seen on the streets, however, the frothy heads, small waists and generally "made-up" appearance of the former, and the diminutive, effeminate quality looking men being in striking contrast to those of Germany and Norway. Living expenses in Paris were very considerable, the hotel bills being enormous, but there was one cheap thing, and that was cab hire. There are no street cars in Paris or London, and cabs, hansoms and buses are everywhere, and being in such general use, are cheap. Gloves and veils are also very cheap in Paris. Speaking of the stores Mrs. Williams said "the shopping fever would seize us now and then, and we'd break off from sight seeing and spend a day among the stores; beautiful stores they are too, but neither in Paris nor London did we find any to excel if equal our own John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia in beauty variety and general excellence, though the prices of course were very much less." Of the city Mrs. Williams says it is the cleanest she ever saw, the whole appearance being as if it were just swept and garnished, or better yet washed and rinsed and dried in the sun. There was none of the rush and roar and deafening noise in Paris that greet the London visitor, where smoke and soot make even the sunshine dingy and the rustles, pushing throngs masses of humanity are like the troubled sea, that can not rest. Our English cousins did not find and more favor in Mrs. Williams's eye than the Parisians, the know-it-all manner of the women who would give our American ladies lessons they had never learned themselves, being rather irksome to the loyal daughters of Brother Jonathan.

The visit to Windsor Castle alone was worth the ocean voyage. The Queen being absent during the summer months, visitors have the privilege of almost the whole castle, attended by guards, guards, everywhere! Mrs. Williams describes Westminster Abbey as the perfection of wonders, most sacred and sublime, lifting the mind to high and holy things, and while listening to the music in that grand old cathedral for they attended service there, she could but wonder if the music of the angels in heaven could be sweeter. At Kenilworth castle, made doubly interesting by history and Walter Scott's matchless fiction, she plucked a spray of ivy from the ancient ruins, which she will plant in Delaware soil. The visit to Norway was the crowning feature of the trip however. There they were met by Miss Leeds, a friend and teacher at Elwin, Pa., whose native home is in Norway, and with her knowledge of the country, the language and the people they had a rare chance to "do" that country. There are but two railroad lines in all Norway, and the travel between cities twenty and thirty miles distant, is by carriage, donkeys making the steepest mountain passes at a break-neck pace that was hardly the privilege of a tourist. "But" said Mrs. Williams, "after having so many un-dreamed of experiences, we ceased to wonder at anything." And it is reasonable to suppose that two ladies, traveling without a guide and independent of any tourists' agents, would have some interesting experiences. The picturesque beauty of Norway, the thrift and enterprise of Germany and the elegance and luxury of France were all to be compared with "merrie England" with her green hedges, shady lawns and pretty farms, "because they made us feel at home, they were so like our own little Delaware, and when I saw the herds upon herds of cattle and sheep, I no longer marvelled that roast beef and mutton were the chief articles on the English bill of fare!"

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